

THE SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY

A Family Newspaper---Devoted to Politics, Foreign and Domestic News, Literature, the Arts and Sciences, Education, Agriculture, Markets, Amusements, &c.

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For the seventh week, 1 cent.

For the eighth week, 1 cent.

For the ninth week, 1 cent.

For the tenth week, 1 cent.

For the eleventh week, 1 cent.

For the twelfth week, 1 cent.

For the thirteenth week, 1 cent.

For the fourteenth week, 1 cent.

For the fifteenth week, 1 cent.

For the sixteenth week, 1 cent.

For the seventeenth week, 1 cent.

For the eighteenth week, 1 cent.

For the nineteenth week, 1 cent.

For the twentieth week, 1 cent.

For the twenty-first week, 1 cent.

For the twenty-second week, 1 cent.

For the twenty-third week, 1 cent.

For the twenty-fourth week, 1 cent.

For the twenty-fifth week, 1 cent.

For the twenty-sixth week, 1 cent.

For the twenty-seventh week, 1 cent.

For the twenty-eighth week, 1 cent.

For the twenty-ninth week, 1 cent.

For the thirtieth week, 1 cent.

For the thirty-first week, 1 cent.

For the thirty-second week, 1 cent.

For the thirty-third week, 1 cent.

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For the thirty-sixth week, 1 cent.

For the thirty-seventh week, 1 cent.

For the thirty-eighth week, 1 cent.

For the thirty-ninth week, 1 cent.

For the fortieth week, 1 cent.

For the forty-first week, 1 cent.

For the forty-second week, 1 cent.

For the forty-third week, 1 cent.

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For the forty-sixth week, 1 cent.

For the forty-seventh week, 1 cent.

For the forty-eighth week, 1 cent.

For the forty-ninth week, 1 cent.

For the fiftieth week, 1 cent.

For the fifty-first week, 1 cent.

For the fifty-second week, 1 cent.

For the fifty-third week, 1 cent.

For the fifty-fourth week, 1 cent.

For the fifty-fifth week, 1 cent.

For the fifty-sixth week, 1 cent.

For the fifty-seventh week, 1 cent.

For the fifty-eighth week, 1 cent.

For the fifty-ninth week, 1 cent.

For the sixtieth week, 1 cent.

For the sixty-first week, 1 cent.

For the sixty-second week, 1 cent.

For the sixty-third week, 1 cent.

For the sixty-fourth week, 1 cent.

For the sixty-fifth week, 1 cent.

For the sixty-sixth week, 1 cent.

For the sixty-seventh week, 1 cent.

For the sixty-eighth week, 1 cent.

For the sixty-ninth week, 1 cent.

For the seventieth week, 1 cent.

CITY BAKERY!

CONFECTIONERY.

The undersigned has opened a new

BAKERY.

One door West of Jones' corner and South of

the Court House, where he will keep always

on hand fresh

White Wheat Bread,

Brown Bread,

Cakes and Pies,

Crackers, Nuts,

Candies, Tobacco,

Cigars and other

things usually kept in a Grocery. I have on

hand the

BEST OYSTERS

in the market, by the can or half can; also,

as prepared to serve them to customers at

all hours, fried, stewed or raw.

JACOB REINER.

JOHN BURGRACHER

Boot and Shoe

MAKER,

corner of Marietta and Main streets.

WOODSFIELD, OHIO.

TO my friends in Woodsfield and vicinity I

announce that I am better prepared than

ever before to manufacture, at the lowest cash

prices.

BOOTS AND SHOES

for men and women and children.

My place of business is on the right side of Main

street, south end of town, where I can be found

at all times.

Give me a call and try the wear of my work

daily.

JOHN BURGRACHER.

MEAT MARKET.

ANTHONY SCHUMACHER

Respectfully informs the citizens of

WOODSFIELD,

and vicinity that he keeps constantly on

hand at his

MEAT STORE, ON MAIN STREET,

Beef, Pork, Veal, Sausage, &c.

He solicits the patronage of the public, as he

will spare no efforts to accommodate customers

and, by liberal dealing, to render

satisfaction to all who may buy meats at his

store.

TO FARMERS!

I will pay the market price for cattle, hogs

and sheep suitable for butchering.

ANTHONY SCHUMACHER.

DEITER'S

GROCERY.

One door South of Dr. Walton's residence,

on Main street.

UNderigned notifies his friends and

the public generally, that he keeps constantly

on hand

FLOUR, by the small or barrel,

CRACKERS,

COFFEE, TEA,

Sugar, Espresso, Navy, Molasses,

Tobacco, Cigars, Snuff,

Corn, Beans, Peas, Nuts, Walnuts,

Scapes, Dye Stuffs of all kinds,

Powder, Lead,

CANDIES OF ALL KINDS,

and in fact every thing usually found in a

Grocery Store.

It will be to the advantage of the trading

public to give me a call before purchasing

elsewhere.

ANDREW DEITER.

NEUMART'S

GROCERY.

Take pleasure in informing my customers,

and the customers of John Ganser, that I

have purchased his Grocery and am now pre-

pared at the old stand.

West End of Main Cross Street.

To sell on low terms.

COFFEE, TEA, SUGAR.

Flour, brooms, tobacco, cigars, canned fruits,

pepper, claret, &c. &c. I can supply any

thing required in the

GROCERY LINE.

Terms as low as those of any other grocery

GIVE ME A CALL.

LOUIS NEUMART.

Poetry.

THE MISSING SHIPS.

O, then ever restless sea,

"God's half-remembered mystery,"

Where are all the ships that sailed so gallantly

away?

Tell their story, winds, and waves, and

eyes still watch and find hearts wait; precious

freight had they.

Freelance freight, ay, wealth untold,

More than merchandise and gold.

Did the sturdy vessels bear off the heaving

main;

Human souls are dearer far

Than all earthly treasures are.

And for them we weep and pray; must it be

in vain?

In the silence of the night,

Did they with a wild fright,

Wake to hear the cry of "Hull!" echo to the

shore?

While the cruel, make-like time,

Croaking, celloping, hissing came,

Over the deck, and up the masts, and out along

the spar

As the doomed ship swayed and tossed

Like a mighty helmsman

Did they with despairing eyes leap into the

void?

Or with fabled hands and eyes

Lifted to the powerful cables

Only go with prayerful hearts to their name-

less graves?

Did the black wings of the blast

Point and hover o'er the mast

Till at last in wrath they swept o'er the crowded

deck?

Learning not a soul to tell

How the loom and swirl

Of the ocean's troubled breast bore a dismal

wreck?

Or with shattered hull and sail

Riding on the stormy gale

Did the leeward slowly sink deeper day and

night?

Drifting, drifting slowly

Over the wide and trackless sea

Loved ones starting, dying there, with no sail

in sight?

Or when winds and waves were lulled

While each deck with joy was filled

As they glided gently, hope in every breast

With a sudden leap and shock

Did they strike some hidden rock

And go down, forever down to their dream-

less rest?

Did the strange and spectral fleet

Of the leeward slowly sink

Pressing closer till they sank crashing to the

deep?

Do these crystal mountains loom

Monuments of that watery tomb

In the ocean's quiet depths where so many

sleep?

O, then ever-singing sea,

Vainly do we question thee

Thy blue waves no answer bring as they kiss

the strand;

But we know each coral grave

For beneath the rolling waves

Shall at last give up its dead, touched by God's

right hand.

A Self-Elected Senator.

The robust curiosity of the day ap-

pears in the credentials of Adelbert

Ames, who claims to be a Senator from

the State of Mississippi. Going to that

State as Major-General Provisional Gov-

ernor, retaining meanwhile his residence

as a citizen of Maine, he so successfully

managed political matters in the for-

mer State as to secure a well-earned

election of himself to the United States

Senate. His credentials read thus:

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,

STATE OF MISSISSIPPI,

JACKSON, Miss, Jan. 26, 1870.

I, Adelbert Ames, Breve Major-General

United States Army, Provisional Gov-

ernor of the State of Mississippi, do

hereby certify that Adelbert Ames was

elected United States Senator by the

Legislature of this State on the 18th

day of January, 1870, for the unexpired

term which expires on the 4th day of

March, 1876, and which will end on

the 4th day of March, 1876.

In testimony whereof, I have here-

unto set my hand, and caused the

great seal of the State of

MISSISSIPPI to be affixed, this

16th day of January, 1870.

ADELBERT AMES, Breve Major-General

United States Army, Provisional Gov-

ernor of the State of Mississippi.

Could we have a finer illustration of

the true meaning of this military recon-

struction business? It is political pro-

motion simplified, the advancement of

soundness made easy.

The New York Sun in a report of

a night alarm of fire, tells the following

story, which is good, if not true: "The

staircase was blocked up with boards

endeavoring to get away with his bag-

gage. One young woman exhibited a

heroism worthy of record. She was

petite, with dark curly hair, and had just

arrived on the landing with her arms

full of knick-knacks, when she suddenly

dropped her load, and putting her hand

to her head exclaimed in heart-rending

accents, "Oh, my blonde hair!" rushed

frantically back, and disappeared in a

volume of smoke. There was a minute

of suspense to the bystanders; but pre-

sently the courageous girl appeared at the

top of the stairs, carrying about ten

pounds of blonde capillary ornaments.

One of the bystanders said that this

hair was lately imported from Paris at a

cost of \$175.